Radio Station
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Each Friday
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The Mission Trail

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey • Kathleen E. Murphey • Patsy M. Murphey

"LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4:35

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. . . A very pleasant greeting to all the listeners of radio station XEG. This is THE MISSION TRAIL broadcast of Guthrie, Oklahoma, and your speaker is Willie Murphey. We are very happy to be coming into your home or automobile by means of radio. We hope that each of you are well and happy in the service of the Lord. We have appreciated so much hearing by mail from those who listen to the broadcast. Let me remind you also that these messages are printed each week, and you may have them mailed to you free of charge and without obligation on your part by simply sending us your name and address. Write to us at The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Now I have a very unusual and interesting topic to bring you. There has come into my hands this story which we have revised and adapted for our particular use. Not being in a position to verify the truth of this dialogue which I am about to give you, I prefer to simply present it as an illustration or a parable to bring out the importance which God places upon all of his children and the love and care which he has for each one. Now, no doubt, this story has been handed down throughout the years for the paper upon which it is written has already turned yellow with age, but listen now to the topic entitled:

"TOUCH NOT MINE ANOINTED"

Psalms 105:15

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to try to drive away the preacher. The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greeting, began to lament the low state of religion and inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for three years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" He persisted in asking him.

The deacon was not ready to give an answer, and after a little thought, frankly answered: "No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eyes of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked: "Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold, after this encouragement in

monosyllable, he asked: "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with something, and in a tone louder than usual shouted: "No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest not a little disturbed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man and asked: "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you, I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which he had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled with those turned away from the simplicity of the gospel. I and men that led me--for I admit that I was a dupe and a tool--flattered ourselves that we were conscientious, thought we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work and said we considered his work ended in this city where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticizing and crushing, instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hands we harshly demanded the blessing. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with a half dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert me; so we hunted him like a deer, until, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labors of His respected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who harms one of His servants touches the apple of his eye.

"I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived and his wife, with the spirit any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his room. She said, and her words were arrows to my soul: "He may be dying and the sight of your face might add to his anguish."

"Has it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors through Christ had brought me into his fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, until designing men had alienated us, been to me a brother--that this man could not die in peace with my face before him? 'God pity me,' I cried, 'What have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake to let me kneel before His dying servant and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was in store for me. As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and said: "Brother Lee! Brother Lee!"

"I bent over him and sobbed out: "My pastor! My pastor!"

"Then raising his thin white hand, he whispered in a deep impressive voice: "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm!"

"I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang on earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow and told how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for me and my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmered as if in a troubled dream, was: "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm!"

"I stayed with him all night and at daybreak I closed his eyes.

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and from the grave. When I slept, Christ stood before me in my dream, saying: "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

"Those words followed me until I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake; and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they were not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a 'very extraordinary man'. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together.

"I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

Selected by Mrs. R. J. Cook. Thank you Sister Cook. Let us pray.

Our Father,

Take the words of the message today into every receptive heart and cause them to bring peace and harmony where otherwise trouble would prevail for Christ's sake. Amen.

Friends, I hope we have learned well our lesson presented by this illustration. If you would like a printed copy of today's boradcast, send your request to THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma. And now until next Friday night at 11:00, this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessings be yours and a very pleasant goodnight!

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SECTION

by Kathleen and Patsy

What a wonderful thing it is to know that we have made the decision to go all the way with the Lord no matter what happens. When we have made this decision we know that whenever the enemy tries to overcome us the Lord will be right there to help us. He has said that "my grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." II Cor. 12:9.

When we feel that others don't understand how hard the enemy makes it for us to keep this decision to be true to the Lord, we can remember the admonition which the Apostle Paul gives us in Heb. 4:14, 15. "Let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." So whenever things become trying for us, let us remember that Jesus knows just what we need and will give us all the needed grace and strength.

AT PRESS TIME WE UNDERSTAND THAT:

It was indeed a pleasure to us to be in services at Shreveport, La., on Easter Sunday. A number were present from other congregations and a very enjoyable and profitable day was had. 3:20 a. m. Monday morning was just a little late for our school girl and boys to be getting home, but if we had taken the right road at every turn it would not have been necessary to back-track and the hour would not have quite been so late!

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Garfield, Ark: "Dear Bro. and Sis. Murphey, I have planned for so long to write to you, but have been kept so busy with other duties that I have neglected letter-writing. We did so appreciate the cards, and your messages of encouragement, and prayers for us. I do miss Stella so very much, but since it did not seem to be the Lord's will for him to get well, I will bow to His will with humility and love. He suffered so terribly that it was a release for him. He did not want me to mourn for him. So now I will 'lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord.' . . . Please pray for me, that I will keep courage and go on to live a life useful to the Lord. . . With Christian love," --Ethel Worrall

From California: "Dear Mission Trail family, Greetings in the name we revere and worship, God's son and our saviour, Jesus Christ. I love the little Mission Trail . . . and pray for you and family for the wonderful little messages of truth sent out in the love for souls for whom Christ died. . ."

--Sister Georgia Zinn

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"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Isa. 55:6

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Have you ever received encouragement from a card or letter which another wrote to you in a time of deep trial and sorrow? Then remember how much your experience may be worth to another if you will only take the time and effort to let them know your interest in them. Only eternity will reveal the lasting benefit which another may receive from the words which you speak or write.

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"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produce
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

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